

The Lady, The Pipe  
and The Skull;  
A TRAGEDIAN'S ROMANCE.  
By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.  
SEE SUNDAY'S WORLD.

MONDAY--THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS--SATURDAY.  
**The EVENING WORLD**  
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

HOW WOMEN PULL TEETH.  
DESCRIPTION OF A STARTLING DEPARTURE  
IN DENTISTRY.  
Rev. Dr. MacQuary's Defence.  
HE STANDS STOUTLY BY HIS GUNS AND  
ANSWERS HIS CRITIC.  
GEN. HOWARD WRITES ANOTHER LETTER TO THE INDIANS.  
Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

LAST EDITION.  
**EXTRA.**  
BURNED OUT.

Only Smoking Ruins Remain  
of the Fifth Avenue  
Theatre.

Firemen's Vain Battle to  
Save the Famous  
Playhouse.

Sturtevant House Takes Fire,  
and Its Upper Floors Are  
Burned Out.

Herrmann's Theatre Escapes with  
Slight Damage from  
Water.

Story of the Most Thrilling Fire  
on Upper Broadway  
for Years.

Meipomene turned her eye in her place on the  
corridor of Harry Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre  
this morning, but its notes were drowned by the  
sound of splashing water from lines of fire  
hose falling upon what had been one of New  
York's prettiest play-houses.

From Broadway the front presents no change  
in appearance. The Twenty-eighth street front  
shows a clean wall, but a window in the  
frame, and through the window openings the  
pale blue winter sky is seen with unintermitted  
view.

Looking in at the stage door one sees not a  
single symbol by which one might tell what had  
been there.

Consuming fire completely obliterated the  
interior of the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the  
early hours this morning and left no sign of its  
existence.

The four walls remain, but the galleries, the  
stage, the scenery, the frescoes, the iron-  
framed seats are gone as completely as if they  
had never been made, and the ironwork is  
covered by a smouldering heap of blackened  
rubbish that has no character, no shape.

William Daniel Finn, making his first tour  
of the house eighteen minutes after the doors  
had closed on the last of the departing audi-  
ence that witnessed "Cleopatra" last night,  
as he passed down the centre aisle was thrilled  
and startled by bright, green flames on the stage.

There were but two other persons in the  
building, actors dressing for the street. Finn  
ran out through the lobby crying: "Fire! fire!"

Treasurer Cook, leaping and excitedly  
counting up the handsome receipts of the night  
in the box office, started, too, heavily gathered  
up everything, locked his safe and sought  
Broadway.

The police had already sent out an alarm,  
and the nearest fire-engines were thundering  
up the streets approaching the theatre.

Already the flames illumined the whole theatre  
so charmingly opened to the people last  
August, in bright new trappings and elegant  
and luxurious fittings.

Already the magnificent scenery constructed  
expressly for the elaborate presentation of  
Sardou's play had been consumed by the de-  
vorling flames, and tongues of blue were sit-  
tling reaching out at the Twenty-eighth street  
windows.

The audiences from all the uptown theatres  
were still thronging brilliant Broadway, and  
thousands drew near to the scene of conflagra-  
tion to witness an after-piece that was start-  
lingly grand.

It was plain that this was to be a fire not  
often paralleled. Across Twenty-eighth street,  
at the Broadway corner, was the Brower House,  
and occupying the whole Broadway block op-  
posite the theatre was the Sturtevant House  
with its 350 guests. Just above Miner's in  
Broadway was another new theatre, Herr-  
mann's, the grandest and newest of all.

The block on both sides of the street was  
filled with retail stores of the best order, and  
while the west-side block seemed doomed, the  
east-side block, the Brower House and the Gil-  
ley House were in imminent danger.

Two additional alarms were sent out in rapid  
succession, and then a simultaneous alarm for  
the Bleeker street fire district, and presently  
every engine, every truck, every patrol wagon,  
every fire tower, from Canal street to Forty-  
second street, was gathered in the streets  
about the burning pile, and a new deluge was  
pouring upon the theatre and the hotels in the  
neighborhood.

For nearly two hours there was a desperate  
fight between the fire and the gallant firemen,  
Chief Bonner the general of the fire-fighters.  
At 1.30 o'clock Chief Bonner heaved a sigh  
of relief. "We have it under control," he  
said emphatically. But for two hours more the fight  
went on, and then the fire gave up the battle,  
worsted, but with a record of half-hour made.

The magnificent Fifth Avenue Theatre was  
worse than a wreck. Prof. Herrmann's gar-

geous little play-house, which had been  
threatened, was saved.

The stores that fronted Broadway on the  
West Side were dripping wrecks, their stocks  
ruined, and the structures themselves damaged  
out of all usefulness.

For an hour the firemen labored valiantly to  
save the Sturtevant House opposite. At the  
first alarm the guests of the house had arisen  
and dressed themselves, and had been watch-  
ing the fire from their windows. There were  
showers of sparks that filled the clear air after

Four firemen still on the roofs of the stores  
were fairly enveloped in the flames, and a cry  
of horror went up from thousands of throats.  
There were ladders against the wall, but  
their tops were many feet below the roof, and  
the men on them were given up for lost.

All disappeared but one, but a moment later  
the cry of despair was changed to a cheer. The  
men had crawled along behind the cornice, and  
now they swung off, catching the line of hose  
that they had been handling.

The heavy line of hose still hung on the edge



BROADWAY ENTRANCE TO THE BURNED THEATRE.  
The storm, and then it became apparent that  
the Sturtevant House was in great danger.  
The flames had reached and were shooting  
up through the roof of the Fifth Avenue  
Theatre, and the firemen who had been work-  
ing from the roof of the stores on the Broad-  
way front were seen running wildly about  
looking for a place of safety.

The smoke was blinding, and the terror of  
the scene was heightened by frequent explo-  
sions within the walled corridor of flame.

Then there was a great crash. The roof of  
the doomed theatre had fallen in.

A great mass of flames shot up fifty feet  
higher than the Broadway facade, and the  
showers of sparks became a storm.

of the roof and ran to the ground. The men  
let themselves down, hand over hand, to the  
tops of the ladders, and descended in safety,  
while the throng applauded.

Fireman McGinnis, the fourth man, was  
about to follow when there was another crash,  
another burst of flame and smoke, and he  
vanished from sight.

Everybody gave him up for dead, but after  
ten minutes he emerged from the building near  
Twenty-ninth street, and had clambered down  
to the street.

But the storm of red-hot sparks falling on  
the Mansard roof of the Sturtevant House per-  
sistently for so long had succeeded in igniting

the roof, despite the perfect flood that the fire-  
men had been pouring on the building.

It was not till 3.30 o'clock that the fire was  
out in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and then it  
was only because there was not another scrap  
of combustible material within its reach.

Harry Miner, who had thrown his whole  
heart into his Broadway play-house and had  
seen in it the grand culmination of a long life  
as a theatrical manager, leaned against a rail-  
ing on the opposite side of Broadway and saw  
his ideal burn.

He was apparently motionless, and seemed to  
relish his cigar in his nasal breeze way.

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